



The bp  
cheringe of  
themesse:  
Imprinted at Lō  
don by John  
Dawe and  
Willyam  
Seres.





Who hath not knowe. oꝛ herd  
how we were made a feard  
That magre of our beard  
Our messe shulde cleane awaye  
That we did dayly saye  
And vtterly decaye  
Foꝛ euer and foꝛ aye  
So were we brought in doubte  
That all that are deuout  
Were like to go withoute  
The messe that hath no peere  
Which longe hath taried here  
Yea many an hundꝛeth yere  
And to be destitute  
Of that whiche constitute  
was of the highe depute  
Of Chryste and his apostles  
Althoughe none of the Gospels  
No mencion maketh oꝛ tells  
We must beleue what ells?  
Of things done by councells.  
Wherin the high professours  
Apostlique successours  
Take holde to be possessours  
And some wet made confessours  
Some of them were no flatterers  
But

But were made holi marters  
Yet plowmen smythes & cartars  
With such as be their hartars  
Will enterpryse to tare  
Thes auncyent mens actes  
And holy fathers factes  
Thoughe messe were made bi me  
As popes nyne or ten  
Or many more what then?  
Or not of scripture grounded  
Is yt therfore confounded  
To be a supersticion?  
Nay nay they mysse the quission  
Make better Inquysicion  
Ye haue an euyl condicion  
To make suche exposicion  
Ye thinke nothing but scripture  
Is only clene and pure  
Yes yes I you ensure  
The messe shalbe hir better  
As light as ye do set hir

The scripture hath nothing  
Wher by profyte to byng  
But a lpyll preaching  
With tattling and teaching  
And nothing can ye espie



For se with outwarde eye  
But must your ears applie  
To learnyng inwardlye  
And who so it will folowe  
In goods though he may walowe  
If scripture once him swalowe  
She wyll vndo him holowe  
Wherfore no good mes singers  
Will come win hir syngers  
But are hir vnder styngers  
For she wolde fayne vndo  
All such as lyueth so

To the messe she is an enymye  
And wolde distroye hir vtterlye  
Wer not for sum that frendfully  
In time of nede will stand hir by  
Yet is the messe and she as lyke  
As a chrystian to an heretike  
The messe hath holy vestures  
And many gay geitures  
And decked with clothe of golde  
And vessells many folde  
Right galaunt to beholde  
More then may well be tolde  
With basen ewer and towell  
And many a pretty Iwelle



With goodly candellstyckes  
And many proper tryckys  
With cruetts gilt, and chalys  
Wher at some men haue malice  
With sensors and with par  
And many other knackys  
With patent and with corporas  
The fynest thing that euer was  
Alasse is it not pitie  
That men be no more wittye  
But on the messe to Jest  
Of all suche thinge the best  
For if she were suppress  
A pyn for all the rest.

But harke to me a while  
And marke ye well my style  
All ye that speake so vyle  
And woulde the messe exile  
Tidynges I can you tel  
She is like here to dwel  
In dispite of the Gospel  
For al his lokes so snel  
And also I wyl proue  
It wil the Gospel behoue  
To sue to haue her loue  
For within fewe yeres

He durst not for his eares  
Be sene in all this land  
Nor harde nor had in hand  
But she had by hym stande  
He was hir seruaunt than  
Let him say what he can  
With him durst no man  
Meddle more or lesse  
But whan he harde messe  
This must he nedes confesse  
O; eles in expositions  
O; doctours dispuicions  
Such were the constitutions  
And also institucions  
Suche were their prohibicions  
And also inhibicions  
He durste not crie creak  
Till he coulde englishe speake  
But lyke an huddy peake  
Kepe warme hys braynes weake  
And now he is full cranke  
And conneeth hir no thanke  
But compteth hir as ranke  
As any on the bancke  
But maister Euangelium  
The tyme agayne may come

But

But wel ther muni  
Ha, Ha, Hum.

Wel yet ther be some  
That are not all dum  
That long hath hold theyr peace  
And were content to ceale  
Leste malice should encrese  
To frie them in their grese  
And nowe they be turned lose  
They passe not of a gose  
To save the worst they can  
By messe the powre woman

What did I call hir poze?  
Naye some wyl cal hir whoze  
And stireth a great bpzoze  
Some cal hir popes daughter  
Some sayes she made massaueg  
Some turne hir to a laughte: (ter  
Some wold they had not sought hir  
Som cursleth hym þ brough: hir  
And him that first taught hir  
Some say she is a leache  
To make whole scabes & bleache  
Some saye she is good for byles  
And good for hum bledheles  
And good for kowe or Ore

A.iiii.

That



That chafid be w<sup>th</sup> pockes  
And good fo<sup>r</sup> hens and cockes  
To kepe them from the fox  
They say she is good fo<sup>r</sup> the por  
And such as haue soze dockes  
And as fo<sup>r</sup> gaulde ho<sup>r</sup>se backes  
That chafed be w<sup>th</sup> packes  
W<sup>th</sup> panyers and w<sup>th</sup> sackes  
No helpe they say she lackes  
And good fo<sup>r</sup> meselde hogges  
And also maungye dogges  
But fo<sup>r</sup> a Winchester gossynge  
They say she passeth al thing  
She b<sup>r</sup>ingeth wether clere  
And seasonab<sup>l</sup>e yere  
And if it neade agapne  
They say she b<sup>r</sup>ingeth raine  
She seaceth thonder lowde  
And carieth euerie cloude  
They say the plage and pestilence  
The feuer and the epilence  
The popish masse expelleth hère  
And grasse she maketh growe  
And fayre wynde to blowe  
And rule it highe and lowe  
Her power is greate I trowe  
And

And some saye wedes & thornes  
She kepeth from the cornes  
And yet some mockes & scoynes  
And say hir pristes make hornes  
On eueninges and in moynes  
Thus do they hir defame  
And flander hir good name  
Wherin they be to blame  
For I can good wittnes set  
That she neuer holpe on yet  
Thus thei speake and spare not  
And what thei prate thei care not  
For lowdly do they sounde  
That missa is not founde  
Within the byble boke  
Who so thereon shall loke  
And yet they be a croke  
Amisse the marcke they toke  
Ther shall ye find misach  
A wel, howe lyke ye thys knacker  
Wherefore loke about  
And serche in and out  
For she is no lowt  
I put you out of doubt  
She is not cleane forsaken  
But very wel taken

Pea pea be lakin  
She is worth a flicke of baco  
And if it be well sought  
She wil not so be bought  
Yet may ye se hir for nought  
In many holy places  
Within a fewe paces  
An holy holy thinge  
Especially when they syng  
With mery piping  
And besy chaunting  
We maye be veri glade  
That yet the messe is had  
For al it is so bad  
The people be as mad  
As euer they may be  
The messe to here and se  
Auengaunce on it for me  
For I am al mozte werye  
I haue taken suche payne  
To bryng hir home agayne  
Wherfoze nowe totus mūdus  
That round is and rotundus  
Be mery and Jocundus  
And sing the letabundus  
With al the whole chozus

Char



That here hath ben befoze vs  
And al the sely soules  
That hereth messe in poules  
And in al places beside  
In london that is wyde  
Where messe is song oꝝ sayd  
And be nothyng affraed  
That she shal go awaye  
But tary whyle she maye  
For she must long continue  
She hath suche greate retynue  
Stronge men of bone and sinue  
Ye can no better wythe  
They wyl sticke to their stockfish  
And stande lyke lusty bloudes  
Aduenturinge lyfe and goodes  
And all to put in peril  
For mastres missas quarel  
And nothyng wil they shrinke  
No moze then for to dꝛinke  
To spake such as they thinke  
No no they wyl not wincke  
At matters to be sene  
Nor let for king oꝝ qnene  
Ye gesse nere whom I meane  
Yet is it sayed I wene

He caried not al cleane  
Yet hath he bolder ben  
Then other fiften

Wherefoze he maye be praysed  
That such a nopsle is raysed  
And thozowe Englande voysted  
That he woulde be so hardy  
Thoughe he were taken tardy  
He thought oꝝ he went thens  
To declare his consciens  
A man of muche sapience  
And ful of goodly sentence  
Wel lyke towyn the audience  
By his copious Eloquence  
If wel he might enchieued  
Foz many men beleued  
That he coulde haue remeued  
And wonne by his entent  
Al that there were presente  
Alacke they were not bent  
To graunt oꝝ to consent  
To suche thinges as he ment

He talked that religions  
With al their pꝛety pigions  
Foz good entent were wꝛoughte  
God wotteth what he thought

He

He spake it not for noughte  
Though scripture he ne broughte  
But if he would haue soughte  
He coude haue proued it there  
Or a horse coude lyke his eare  
That taking awaye the il  
They might haue stand stil  
And in lyke case by Images  
And all maner of ceremonies  
But tush let go thes bables  
And al these fible fables  
The messe he did auauunce  
And highly hir enhaunce  
To be of such perfection  
As needeth no correction  
Nor yet to haue infection  
For al hir late detection  
Nor worthe of suspicion  
So cleare is hir confection  
And purenes of complection  
By catholyke election  
She semes to take erection  
A boue the resurrection  
Nor neuer was his lot  
In hir to spie a spot  
But cleane from blurre and blot  
He



He loueth hir wel, god wot  
There can no Droncken sot  
Loue moze the good ale pot  
I dare saye at this howze  
Thoughe he be in the towze  
Yet doeth he styl honoure  
The messe that swete a flowze  
Wherfoze ye priestes al  
That styl continue shal  
With messinge in the temple  
Forge t not thys exemple  
Of thys your father  
That ye maye the rather  
Obtayne the grace  
To come to the place  
Wher he doeth abyde  
And loke ye do not syde  
But sticke to his harde  
Or elles all is marde  
And whan ye may not chuse  
Then must ye hir refuse  
Ther wilbe heauy newes  
As euer came to the stewes  
The contrye is not fayre  
And she liketh not the ayze  
Wherfoze if she appayze

Redes

Redes home she muste repayre  
There is no such remedie  
As is hir natieue contrie  
And if she chaunce to dye  
I can not helpe it I  
But synge place bo  
Tut let hir gooe  
I wene we get no mo

A good mestres missa  
Shal ye go from vs thissa!  
Wel yet I muste ye kysa  
Alacke for payne I pyssa  
To se the mone here I lla  
Beraule ye muste departe  
It greueth many an herte  
That ye should from them start  
But what then tulle a farte  
Sins other shifte is none  
But she must neades be gone  
Nowe let vs synge eche one  
boeth Jak and gyll and Jone  
Requiem eternam  
Aest penam sempiternam  
For vitam supernam  
And vmbzam infernam  
For veram lucernam

She chaunce to enherite  
According to hir merite  
Do cuius memoria  
Ye maye wel be soria  
Full smale maye be your gloria  
When ye shal heare thys storia  
Then wil ye crie and roia  
We shal so hir no moria  
Et dicam vobis quare  
She may no longer stare  
Nor here with you regnare  
But trudge ad vltra mare  
And after habitare  
In regno plutonico  
Et Ene acronymo  
Cum cetu babilonico  
Et cantu diabolico  
With pollers and p iller  
And al hir well willers  
And ther to dwel euer  
And thus wil I leaue hir.

FINIS.



